That I might kiſſe that cheeke.

Iul: Ay me.

Rom: She ſpeakes, Oh ſpeake againe bright Angell:
For thou art as glorious to this night being ouer my (head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the laſie pacing cloudes,
And ſailes vpon the boſome of the aire.

Iul: Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy Father, and refuſe thy name,
Or if thou wilt not be but ſworne my loue,
And il'e no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom: Shall I heare more, or ſhall I ſpeake to this?

Iul: Tis but thy name that is mine enemie.
Whats *Mountague?* It is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.
Whats in a name? That which we call a Roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet:
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all I haue.

Rom: I take thee at thy word,
Call me but loue, and il'e be new Baptiſde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iu: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,
Doeſt ſtumble on my counſaile?

Ro: By a name I know not how to tell thee.
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an enemie to thee,
Had

Had I it written I would teare the word.

Iul: My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the ſound:
Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague?*

Ro: Neyther faire Saint, if either thee diſpleaſe.

Iu: How camſt thou hether, tell me and wherfore?
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,
And the place death conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen finde thee here.

Ro: By loues light winges did I oreperch theſe wals,
For ſtonie limits cannot hold loue out,
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,
Therefore thy kinſmen are no let to me.

Iul: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.

Ro: Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,
Then twentie of their ſwords, looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmitie. (here.

Iul: I would not for the world they ſhuld find thee

Ro: I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their ſight,
And but thou loue me let them finde me here:
For life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.

Iu: By whoſe directions foundſt thou out this place.

Ro: By loue, who firſt did prompt me to enquire,
He gaue me counſaile and lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre
As that vaſt ſhore, waſht with the furtheſt ſea,
I would aduenture for ſuch Marchandiſe.

Iul: Thou knowſt the maſke of night is on my face,
Els would a Maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeks:
For that which thou haſte heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie,